

Marie, but he gingerly picked her up between his finger and thumb, and perched her on his shoulder; then he got himself out of his chair—which was something like an earthquake for Marie—marched out on to the balcony overlooking the village beneath. Marie was not quite certain whether or no she was going to be thrown down, but peeping round the great headland made by the giant's chin, she looked up into his eyes, and they were full of tears. "Oh, Mr. Giant dear, don't cry! Have I been naughty?" said Marie in great distress. "No, child," said the giant rather gruffly. "What did you say you had brought to play with me—a ball. Throw it down into the village, it wont hurt anybody," for he saw rather a doubtful expression on Marie's little face. Reassured she took the ball from her pocket and threw! And oh, wonderful! All that the giant had planned and the village had resisted instantly came to pass! The old huts disappeared, and beautiful houses took their place. The river flowed tranquilly through the hollow without drowning so much as a lamb. Among the mountains appeared a broad high road leading to the outer world. And strangest of all, in the market place below, all the folk were gathered together cheering their benefactor, "the great and good giant." See what a little love can do, Marie," said the giant, "let us go down into the village together and make everybody happy, and help everybody to understand." And they went. And Marie said it was all the dear giant's doing, and the giant said it was all that dear Marie's doing, and the villagers thought it was both. And the rest of the story belongs to that future in which men live happy ever afterwards.

R. A. P.

SOMETHING ABOUT HEYSHAM AND FALKLAND.

This quaint little fishing village, at the foot of Morecambe Bay, is steadily rising to fame through the wonderful excavations which have been made at its southern extremity in order to form a harbour, and thus to furnish the Northerners with an easy access to the Isle of Man, Dublin, Londonderry and other Northern Irish ports.

Coming to it as I have done from the grey mountains and white chalk roads of the West Riding of Yorkshire, the red granite roads and cliffs impart a kindly feeling of warmth. This little strip of granite is constantly being put into contrast by other substances, such as the sandstone rocks—the volcanic remains which surround the point at the Near Naze—and the muddy ooze which receives the foot of the unwary.

By the rocks of the Near Naze, up against the cliff, there is one of those openings which have been caused by the falling away of a mass of cliff-rock below the surface, and thus leaving a hole in a projecting piece of turf-covered land resembling the Devil's Dyke and other fragmentary rocks such as abound in Cornwall and Wales. At low water the rocks of Heysham are an endless delight to those who can appreciate them. Covered with wracks of all kinds, they are a happy hunting ground to any who find delight in seaweeds, and particularly to those who enjoy inhaling the health-giving odour of iodine and musk. Many of the rocks, especially those which lie the farthest from the cliff—which, as I have previously stated is hard at this point—are of considerable height and girth, and are covered with hanging weed and clinging barnacles. Beyond them the sea runs in deep channels, and, receding, leaves behind it at their base deep pools such as entrance children; but the sand in these pools is of a peculiarly succulent nature. The sea is drawn out a long way beyond the rocks, leaving stretches of hard

sand divided by shallow channels of water. Nearer the village the sea leaves behind it stretches of wet-ridged sand, which is soft in places and liable to run into quicksands.

When the tide turns to come in it quickly covers the sands, at some points seeming as though it would vie with a fast walker. At the turn of the tide it is dangerous to go out beyond the rocks, as the sea approaches so rapidly there and flows into such deep channels.

A really high tide is a fine sight. The water comes right up to the red cliffs, and dashes over a small sea-wall which runs towards Morecambe; it roars around a house which has been erected on the pebbly beach; nor should we pass over the objects nearer the point which have a fair share of the furious ocean, namely, the walls of some fisher-cottages, and those of the churchyard, which also border the sea-shore. The church itself is a tiny edifice of ancient stand, having been founded in the time of the Saxons, and added to at various periods, such as at the Norman Conquest, and later on in the 12th century. I do not wish to write a detailed story of this venerable and sacred building; I will leave that to those who are more able on that score. Nevertheless I should like just to draw your attention to the old crosses to be found in the churchyard, and to lead you through the graveyard, and up some winding steps, in order to show you the remains of a tiny chapel and other ruins which date back to very early times.

From all appearance the chapel could not have measured more than nine by two-and-a-half yards, and the original church must also have been correspondingly small. It seems as if the Chapel were surrounded formerly by narrow winding Cloisters. It is said to have been dedicated to St. Patrick. Built on a prominence, it is thought to have been intended to act as a beacon to warn mariners of the dangers of the coast, and, from its proximity to the sea, to have been constructed as a place of supplication and prayer for the use of sea-farers who were about to embark on the briny ocean. Up by the Chapel are some strange coffin-shaped holes which have been chiselled out of the rock. They were evidently intended for children or persons of short stature. To the head of many of them are square holes, which many believe to have been intended as sockets for the insertion of headstones or crosses.

I should like to mention a picturesque corner of Lower Heysham, which consists of a group of cottages irregularly built at an angle towards the road. They are situated at a stone's throw from those already mentioned, which have their walls washed by the sea. They have tiny latticed windows, which are a feature of many old cottages in the village.

Hitherto I have confined my remarks to those objects near the eye. Let us take a look across the bay—what a magnificent panorama meets our gaze! On a clear day the mountains of the Lake District can easily be distinguished, with the ruins of Peel Castle, the smoking chimneys of the Barrow Iron Works, and Home Island in the foreground. As I do not wish this article to resemble a guide book, I will not give a list of the heights, many of which are doubtless familiar.

Falkland House is one of the seats of the Marquis of Bute, or rather it belongs to the late Marquis' second son—Lord Vivian. It is a magnificent place. The grounds and park are exquisite and enormous, and stretch off into woods and wood-crowned hills, and finally the moors beyond Lomond. The house stands in the midst of all this, and the gardens stretch up, through woods, on to the slopes of the hills. Just now it is a glorious sight, for most of the trees are beeches, and the colours range from green to crimson—yellow, gold, copper, bronze, and brown—intermingled with firs and pines and shrubs. The hall of the house is about as long as an ordinary sized church from nave to apse, and the panelling and staircase, &c., are light carved oak. Most of the house is panelled and carved in oak, and the drawing-room, library and best bedrooms have the wood inlaid with mother of pearl. Most of the rooms are very magnificent in fact, and the whole place is large and splendid. The corridors and most of the rooms are oak-panelled inlaid with mother of pearl ornamentation, and decorated in raised coloured plasterwork according to the suite; thistles, &c., for the Scotch suite, and so on. The Italian wing is the most magnificent: it is all furnished and panelled (dado) in cedar-wood inlaid with mother of pearl; the walls above the dado and the bed-hangings are of old gold brocaded Venetian Satin! The Butes are a very strong old Roman Catholic family, and the

walls of the corridor leading to the Chapel and also the staircase are hung with Arundels. The Chapel is lovely; the style Byzantine, and exquisitely decorated—not too much, It is not used now.

The Palace of Falkland adjoins the grounds. The old Palace is so beautiful, and the quaint wee village, which winds round about and calls itself a royal burgh! as indeed it was in the times of the old Scottish kings, and boasts now a Lord Provost. Charles II. was the last *King* to use it as a residence, and the old stables (now a garden shed) are *just exactly* as they were then; and I have been weighed in the huge swinging old scales which were then in use and are still so!!! The Palace is a grey-stoned ruin, in excellent repair, and very fine and large it must have been. Part of it was restored by the late Lord Bute, who hoped to restore it all, but died before accomplishing half what he meant to do. But what has been done has been done excellently—in style and furnishing a faithful copy of what it was in its pristine beauty, according to the records and chronicles about the place. The village is winding with cobbled streets and wee one-storied cottages of grey stone, roofed either with moss-grown thatch or fluted red tiles; and in the few exceptions of two-storied buildings, the staircases are outside instead of in, and are steps of rough grey stone. You can picture how pretty it looks, say late on a sunny afternoon—the hills and flaming trees; the winding grey and red village, with the towers of the old Palace (recalling the style of French Châteaux); the swift-running burn which follows the wind of the principal street, but turns aside to run through the Pleasaunce, which now is included in these grounds, but once belonged to the Palace;—but I am inaccurate, for the Palace still stands in it!! Sheltering the north side of the house (and dominating the village too from a short distance), and forming part of the grounds, is the East Lomond, 14721 feet high, and beyond it stretch the moors. Up there deer are to be found, and we came across one the other day not a quarter of a mile from the house in the home-woods.

“BOARD SCHOOL” METHODS.

The young and ardent teacher is more than a little apt to sneer at “Board,” or more properly “Council” schools, as impossible places where vast unwieldy classes do absurd things. The nation is obliged, however, to attack problems in bulk, and their solution may have been reached at one point whilst the question at issue is barely comprehended in another. The present writer was enabled to spend an afternoon in a South London Council School this summer, more especially amongst the infants and the lower Standards. The school boasts of over one thousand pupils—and its discipline is such that the whole vast building can be vacated in *three* minutes for fire drill. Yet the relations between the teachers and the children were the most friendly ever seen under similar circumstances—good fellowship reigned supreme. The superintendent of the infants’ school, undoubtedly a born educator, lamented openly that the little ones had not a definite half-hour for sleep in the school programme, as they found them so drowsy in the afternoons, poor little dears. However, drowsiness was being combated in many delightful ways. One class of babes was modelling a gooseberry in clay (each child had a real gooseberry as model), another was drawing in soft crayons on brown paper turnips, and very excellently some of them were done. A third class was at work upon a clay bird’s nest, eggs and all complete. A fourth was doing carton or paper work—everywhere “handicrafts” reigned supreme. A class of little boys, for our benefit, did some ambidextral drawing on small black boards, using the two hands simultaneously, so that the horizontal lines were drawn left and right to meet in the centre. The children judged all their distances with great accuracy, and drew very even right hand and left hand curves at the same moment. In this way a tulip with leaves and a Chinese lantern were executed in coloured chalks before our eyes. Then a large mixed class of boys and girls sang to us, for, as the mistress said, they find singing of